If I could see the puppits dallying.

Ophe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge.

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Begin murtherer, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Rauen doth bellow for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit and time agreeing,
Considerate season, els no creature seeing,
Thou mixture ranke, of midnight weeds collected,
With *Hecats* ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire propertie,
On wholesome life vsurps immediately.

Ham. A poisons him i'th Garden for his estate, his name's *Gonzago*, the story is extant and written in very choice *Italian*, you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue ore the Play.

King. giue me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt, all but Ham. and Horatio.*

Ham. Why let the stroken Deere goe weepe,
The Hart vngauled play,
For some must watch whilst some must sleepe,
Thus runs the world away. Would not this sir & a forrest of feathers, if the rest of my fortuns turne Turk with me, with prouincial Roses, on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a city of Players?

Hora. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.
For thou dost know oh *Damon* deere
This Realme dismantled was
Of Iove himself, and now raignes here
A very very paiocke.

Hora. You might haue rim'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Didst perceaue?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ha. Vpon the talke of the poisoning.

Hora. I did very well note him,

Ham.

11 inuected 22 strooken